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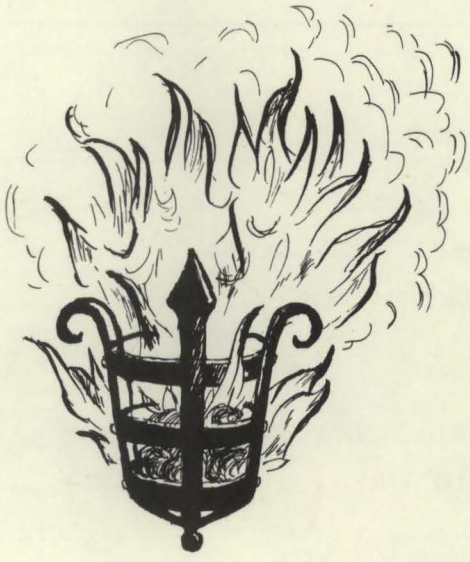
Valparaiso University

The Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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TWENTY CENTS

The

Cresset

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IN THE MAY CRESSET - - -

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The Cresset Vol. XXVI, No. 7 May, 1963

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Boss at the Pentagon

THE biggest news of this past month – or, for that matter, of many a month – is that the Department of Defense has finally been brought under civilian control. At least that is how members of Congress on both sides of the political fence are reading the significance of the controversy over the TFX plane contract.

While it may still be legitimately debated whether Secretary McNamara acted wisely in awarding the TFX contract to General Dynamics against the recommendations of the military evaluation boards which favored a rival design by Boeing, the important point is that the Secretary made the decision and, apparently, has been able to make it stick. In the past, Secretaries of Defense did not usually have the final say in such matters. Senior service officers enjoyed a rapport with senior members of Congress that enabled them, when they were so minded, to stymie the Secretary and, ultimately, reduce him to a frustrated figurehead whose only remaining ambition was to be relieved of office. There was an attempt made in the TFX case to give Secretary McNamara this same treatment, only this time it didn't work. Mr. McNamara is, at least in his public life, a cold, hard man, and he drew considerable support from that growing number of senators and congressmen who are becoming disturbed by the apparently insatiable demands of the military.

But it would be premature to say that the issue has been permanently settled. So long as able, dedicated professionals in the military services take their responsibilities seriously they will seek by every means at their disposal to convert their judgments into national policy, with or without the approval of the Secretary of Defense. And in our country, with its worship of the specialist, they are likely to get a more respectful hearing both from Congress and from the nation than is the "amateur" Secretary who is supposed to be constitutionally responsible, under the President, for making defense policy. And so there remains the danger that for the best, most understandable reasons we will drift in the direction of those Latin American republics where the ultimate decisions on matters of basic national policy are made not in the executive mansion or in the legislative halls but in the service ministries and the officers' clubs.

Fantastic? Some may say so. But it was precisely against this sort of danger that President Eisenhower warned the nation in his farewell address. It is a danger that will be with us so long as the biggest single enterprise in our country is the national defense establishment.

The End of Private Education?

This year, about sixty per cent of all college students are enrolled in publicly-supported institutions. We have not seen the most recent tuition figures, but in the 1960-1961 academic year the average tuition in publicly-supported colleges and universities was $206. By 1970, it is estimated that eighty per cent of all college students will be attending the public institutions and, assuming no major increases in tuition costs, these institutions will be operating at an annual deficit of 5.2 billion dollars. This deficit will, presumably, be made up out of tax monies.

Average tuition at private colleges and universities in the 1960-1961 academic year was $895. Representative of the financial problem which the private institution faces are figures quoted recently in a Roman Catholic source: typical tuition costs in Roman Catholic colleges and universities have risen from four hundred dollars in 1951 to six hundred dollars in 1956 and $850 in 1962, with the end not yet in sight.

These comparative figures can be a source of satisfaction or dismay, depending upon where one stands on the question of private versus public higher education. As the costs of good Christian higher education increase, more and more people are discovering philosophical and theological reasons for insisting that the Church never had any business in education in the first place. And even among those who recognize the Church's obligation to "bring every thought into captivity to Christ"

there is increasing doubt whether, as a practical matter, the non-public institution can survive in the face of what may soon become overwhelming competitive disadvantages.

Those of us who have committed ourselves to the task of Christian higher education know what our job is. As our Minority Reporter has so often reminded us, we are called to out-think, out-teach, out-research, and out-write our colleagues in the public institutions, and unless we do so we shall not survive. The question which every Christian college or university has to have answered before it can assess its own likelihood of survival is whether its constituency is willing to let it be an excellent educational institution and whether it will provide the funds to support such excellence. Historically, the answer has been an almost unanimous No. Those of us who believe in Christian higher education must be prepared to reverse history. It will be a great feat if we can pull it off.

So Sorry

We were middling happy to learn that our scientists had not anticipated the considerable and long-lived expansion of the Van Allen radiation belt that resulted from our high-altitude tests in the Pacific last fall. It is always comforting to know that if someone set fire to your house or banged into your car he did so unintentionally and certainly without malice. Of course, there remains the fact that the house has been damaged or the car twisted out of shape, but only a cad refuses to accept an apology, particularly when it is accompanied by the promise to be more careful next time.

The rub, however, when people start tampering with things like the Van Allen Belt is that there could conceivably be no next time. There could be only this slowly mounting Whoosh! followed by a mighty Varoom! followed by a deathly silence broken only by the gasping voice of some scientist: "Gosh, fellows, I guess I got the decimal in the wrong place."

One of our most intelligent and perceptive readers has accused us of being anti-Progress and of reflecting discredit upon the Church by taking an allegedly negative attitude toward man's quest for greater knowledge in the atom and in space. We think he judges us a bit too harshly, but we would have to confess that we are not ready to see our whole planet converted into a lab experiment for a few curious individuals. It seems to us that the nature of the experiments now being carried on impose some limitations upon the experimenters which are new in the history of science.

Chief among these limitations are those which arise out of the moral question of the extent to which one man, or a small group of men, can claim the right to involve millions of other people in their experiments. It is one thing for a Columbus to involve a small crew and a modest subsidy from Queen Isabella in a voyage westward through the Ocean Sea; it is quite another thing for NASA to involve all of us and a huge subsidy from the national treasury in an attempt to reach the moon or Venus or Mars or wherever. It is one thing for some chemist to take a chance on blowing himself and his laboratory to kingdom come in the interests of research; it is quite another thing for a team of scientists to take the chance of producing fatal mutations in thousands of unborn children or even of rendering the planet uninhabitable in order to gratify their thirst for knowledge.

Human values still take precedence over intellectual values. We have come to the point in our quest for knowledge where it will no longer do to justify an experiment on the simple grounds that we may learn something from it. The earth, the waters, and the atmosphere belong to the whole human race, not merely to some intellectual elite; and we don't think that it is asking too much of those who would experiment with them to remember that they are messing around with other people's property.

Scientists and People

That last editorial didn't end quite right. It seems to suggest that scientists are indulging their curiosity with little or no awareness of their larger responsibilities as members of the human family, and such an implication would be slanderous. The fact of the matter is that few people in the modern world are as concerned about the social consequences of scientific experiments and discoveries as are the men who have been most closely involved in them.

But concern, while it is the virtue of a noble mind, is not enough. The Walrus and the Carpenter wept copious tears while they were polishing off the little oysters, but it apparently never occurred to them that they would have no reason to regret the oysters' fate if they would simply stop eating them. There is no absolute natural demand that walruses and carpenters eat oysters, certainly not if they can do so only with a bad conscience.

Western man, for at least the past five hundred years, has insisted that man has a kind of absolute ethical right to follow his curiosity as far as he is capable of going. He has assumed that this right imposes upon him a kind of moral obligation to find the answer to any question that may intrigue him, whatever the cost and whatever the consequences. Some scientists have gone so far as to say that their moral responsibility does not extend beyond the task of pushing back the frontiers of knowledge; what mankind does with this new knowledge, they say, is the responsibility of the philosopher, the theologian, the statesman, or the individual citizen.

Albert Einstein, when he was asked to explain how he had come upon his theory of relativity, is supposed to have said, "I challenged an axiom." We are not

prepared to say that Western man has been wrong these past five hundred years, but we would suggest that there is only one Absolute in the universe and that all of men's most cherished beliefs are axia that are challengeable, including the one that asserts man's unalienable right to satisfy his curiosity. It is just possible that this right is limited by such considerations as the risks of destroying the thing we are seeking to know more about (e.g., the lands, the waters, and the atmosphere of the earth), or the allocation of so large a proportion of our resources to a particular quest for knowledge that more urgent human needs do not get met (e.g., the expenditure of billions to send a man to the moon when forty million Americans live in families whose incomes are under four thousand dollars a year).

In suggesting these limitations, we do not attempt to pre-judge the answer. There is a very good probability that man's right to know, whether it is an absolute right or not, needs to be treated as such. But those of us who are concerned about the grave problems which mankind has to cope with in these revolutionary days might follow the example of the greatest of modern scientists and start challenging a few axia.

Memorial Day Letter

Dear Pat:

Last night, troubled by one of those minor complaints of middle age which you will never know, I spent a couple of hours re-reading sections of the dog-eared copy of Plato which you left with me for safe-keeping that night twenty-two years ago before you left campus to join the Royal Canadian Air Force. And it suddenly struck me that it has now been a full twenty years since you were reported missing in action over the Ruhr.

I can not feel that your life was wasted, any more than I can feel that the two years which I spent in New Guinea and the Philippines were wasted. The demonic was on the prowl – in Berlin, in Rome, and in Tokyo – and I am sure that you would still maintain, as you did then, that it was worth the risk of life itself to be involved in hunting down and destroying the masters of Buchenwald and Bataan. Never mind that worse devils have come to live in the house which we purged and cleansed. Our calling was not to solve all of the problems of the limitless future, but to oppose the clear and present evils of our own time and place. We did the job that needed to be done in our generation and for you the reward of grace was immediate and complete, eternal rest and an entrance into the land of light and joy.

For the great majority of us who came back, the strife is not yet over and the battle is still far from won. Out of the wreckage of the war a new tyranny has arisen both in eastern Europe and in Asia. And in our own country there are those today as there were twenty-five or thirty years ago who insist that the only way to oppose tyranny is to construct an equally monstrous one of our own. You would be amused, I think, at the posturings of some of these small-bore Napoleons who never heard a shot fired in anger. But I think you would also recognize in them the same demonic workings that plunged the world into Our War.

Had you survived the war, you might now find yourself accused of being "soft on Communism" or chicken-hearted if you did not display a proper enthusiasm for plunging mankind into World War III. But if I knew you at all, I suspect that you would find it as difficult as most of us do to define the boundary between courage and recklessness, between sacrifice and suicide. We went to war knowing that it would be our job to destroy, but we had a right, I think, to believe that there could be such a thing as therapeutic destruction, the cutting and blasting away of localized evils so that the good could survive and flourish. War today, with the weapons which we now have available to us, means the indiscriminate annihilation of the good and the evil and the reduction of the whole earth to a radioactive desolation. Remembering the struggles of conscience that you went through before you finally decided that there was no moral alternative to taking up arms against the Fascist tyrants, I wonder how you would resolve in your own mind the bewildering dilemma which we face, whether to resist and turn back the Red tyranny at the possible risk of destroying mankind or to try to postpone for a while the *dies irae* by making every honorable effort to co-exist with the Red tyrants.

The pacifists and the jingoists have resolved the dilemma to their own satisfaction by embracing absolutist positions; both are prepared to choose between being Red or dead. The great majority of us believe – or at least hope – that there is some third alternative. And those of us who share the Christian faith in which you died hold this belief (hope) as a corollary to our conviction that the God Whom we confess as Maker of heaven and earth is still sovereign in His creation.

I suspect that all of this bores you. From the throne on which you sit our problems and their solutions must seem simple enough and it must strike you as incredible that they seem so frightfully complex to us. But if you can still remember the days of your apprenticeship down here, you may recall that it is the human condition to be baffled. And you must not think too unkindly of us who are groping for answers which you, too, would be groping for if you had not already heard them in those "songs which ne'er to mortal ears were granted."

For a little while yet –

J.

AD LIB.

The Vanishing Railroad Station

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

If the present trend continues, before too long one of the most honest pieces of American architecture will disappear from the land. I refer to railroad stations, particularly, but not necessarily, in small towns, which one by one are being boarded up and abandoned.

This was honest architecture because from the outside these buildings gave promise of being unattractive and uncomfortable on the inside, a promise which was faithfully kept. Most railroad stations looked alike, varying only in minor details with the different railroads. Each road preferred a particular color for its stations, and this was, as a rule, the most unattractive shade available in that color. That was not too important because grime covered most of the paint soon after.

Inside the station the favorite color has always been brown, with dark brown on the lower half of the wall and light brown on the upper. The high uncomfortable benches blended well with the walls since they were covered with several coats of dark brown varnish. Some long-standing policy apparently prevented the removal of old paint and varnish, and like noting the age of a tree by its rings, I always thought it should be possible to determine the age of a station by peeling off the layers of paint or varnish on the walls or benches.

At one time most of the stations were heated by pot-belly stoves, and one in our town still is. The heat was distributed unevenly, but the smoke from the stove blended well with the smoke from the steam locomotives, both leaving black stains on the walls. Almost all of these stations were equipped with antiquated plumbing, and the rest rooms gave the impression of having been furnished with plumbing fixtures and pipes torn from other buildings.

Decorations inside the waiting room ran heavily to railroad advertising and most of these ads were out of date. This is still true. In one station last week, during a lengthy wait for a train, I read and reread the only material available on the walls. One was the announcement of an exposition that ended two years ago, and the other was a replica of an advertisement that won an art award for that railroad in 1927.

In that station last week I suffered through another feature of the small waiting room, the unpleasant intimacy where everyone can hear what everyone else says – most of it strained conversation – where all are the victims of the most garrulous. This time it was a heavy-set woman who was relating to the ticket seller across the room the escapades of her seventeen-year-old son. This woman had the capacity for talking steadily for twenty minutes without stopping for breath. Further, her son's exploits were on the dull and mean side. She was quite proud of him and I felt he belonged in jail.

Formerly if there were no other passengers waiting for the next train, one had the retired railroad men for company. Railroading then was a way of life and one did not retire from it by choice but by company or union order. The old engineers, brakemen, and firemen knew no other way of life, and most of their time was spent at the station exchanging stories on railroading, adding to railroad lore. While they sat talking they were waiting, consciously or unconsciously, for No. 48 or No. 49 to come through. As soon as the distant puffing could be heard, out came the pocket watches to check if the train was on schedule.

These more pleasant features of waiting in a station are gone. Much of the romance of railroading went out with the steam engines, and the few stations remaining are seldom frequented by retired personnel. The waiting passenger is left, if not at the mercy of the garrulous, to reading old posters or attempting to get a stick of gum out of the penny gum machine or his weight on the old iron scale covered with ten layers of silver paint. These are time-consuming hobbies since neither the gum machine nor the scale works.

Some feel the railroads will stage a comeback in the future as highways become too glutted and parking in the cities becomes an impossibility. It does seem possible that the passenger business could pick up significantly in years to come, if the trains are fast and clean, and if the railroads can and will meet the demands of the passengers. One of the main reasons the railroads are in their present sorry state is that the companies all thought they were in the railroading business, which of course they were, but never realized they were in the transportation business as well. There is a great difference in the two approaches. In the former, the railroad is the boss, and in the latter, the customer is.

Until the day of the railroad renaissance those of us who must ride trains occasionally, out of necessity, will be required to wait in a dingy, small station (or in a large city station which differs primarily in size and the addition of a smoky-looking snack bar) getting little comfort from the fact we are surrounded by honest architecture.

The Theology of Moral Re-Armament

By Charles Whitman

"THE HOUR IS LATE. HERE IS THE ANSWER. FOR GOD'S SAKE, WAKE UP!" Advertisements with this plea appeared in newspapers across the country in the early sixties. In the space of a few weeks in the spring of 1961, seventy-two similar full-page announcements were also carried by British papers. The issue: Communism. And the sponsor: Moral Re-Armament. The advertisements told how statesmen and commoners alike were lauding and joining this movement to "morally re-arm the nations." Moral Re-Armament (MR-A for short) began some fifty years ago as a "First Century Christian Fellowship," and has emerged in the last ten years as a world-wide ideological crusade with a distinctly anti-Communist flavor. This article traces its evolution with particular attention to the theological ingredients.

MR-A is Born

Essential to an understanding of Moral Re-Armament is the background of its initiator, Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman. He was born on June 4, 1878, into the family of the local hotelkeeper in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania. When Frank was fifteen, the family moved to Allentown where he graduated from high school. His upbringing has been described as theologically conservative and pietistic, the family background being Swiss-Lutheran. His father was said in one account to be a notably "ethical businessman" and his mother "a quiet, cultured woman of deep insight, rigid self-discipline but with a sense of humor." Another source describes his parents as "simple, religious people, typically 'Pennsylvania Dutch'." One of Frank's teachers in Pennsburg remembered him as "not outstanding in any respect." Nor did he become outstanding during his years at Muhlenberg College (also in Allentown; B.A., 1899; M.A., 1902; D.D., 1926). Though he was a member of Alpha Tau Omega social fraternity and active in various other campus organizations, the young Buchman seems to have had an undistinguished college career.

Frank was slated for the ministry at an early age. Upon receiving the B.A. degree, he went directly to Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, graduating in 1902. In the same year he was ordained a United Lutheran minister. He assumed his duties at "a comparatively poor and difficult" parish at Overbrook after a year of travel and study abroad at Westminster College, Cambridge, and also at the Inner Mission in Germany. In 1904 or 1905 Buchman gained recognition for organizing a Lutheran hospice for boys — possibly the first of its kind in the United States. He soon found that his special interest was working with young men. Following this initial success, he was called to take over the management of a settlement house in central Philadelphia.

While in the pastorate at Overbrook — at the age of twenty-seven — Frank came to the realization that he was a soul-sick man. A conflict between his religion-preached and his religion-practiced burdened his conscience and rendered him ineffective. This conflict was intensified during a tiff with the Board of Trustees of the settlement house. He fell into sharp disagreement with them over a matter of policy, and resigned in anger against the six who had opposed him. Tired and in poor health, he left for England to attend the Keswick Conference in June, 1908. In a little wayside church in Keswick on a summer Sunday morning his conversion took place, and it is from this experience that the work of Moral Re-Armament grew. As a result of the Keswick experience Buchman sent each of the six board members a note apologizing for his bitterness. Though he received no replies, he was not discouraged. He was rewarded by a sense of reconciliation between himself and God through his confession of sin and the attempt to right a wrong.

On his return to the United States in 1908, Buchman was recommended by Dr. John R. Mott to head the Y.M.C.A. at Pennsylvania State College. He spent the next six years there. He helped to initiate the Student Christian Movement, which sponsored such noted evangelists as Sherwood Eddy and Henry B. Wright. The energy, the insights, and the conviction which he brought to this work attracted a growing number of students. George Stewart, Jr., a biographer of Wright, cited Buchman as "a master at connecting men with those who could be of greatest help."

Leaving Penn State in 1915, Buchman accompanied Eddy on a tour of India, Korea, and Japan. In 1916 he became an extension lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary, leaving once again in 1917 for a two-year trip to the Far East. He returned to stay on at Hartford until 1922. Although Buchman worked with the full support of Dr. Mackenzie, the president of the Seminary Foundation, he was attacked for naive fundamentalism and for bald and unorthodox evangelicalism. Gradually Buchman came to see — with the help of his travels — a need for world-wide spiritual reconstruction.

> The realization that men were fed up with apathy in the church and longing for usable spiritual techniques was all he needed to make the nations his campus and to approach all men as he had the students back in Pennsylvania.[1]

Also developing in these years were the principles of Christian work with individuals which he felt the world needed. A letter written about 1918 states clearly his purpose:

> This principle (of personalized evangelism) is the essential of Christianity and the absolute essential of all progress. The depersonalization of all activity is one of the great problems of our day. In business, education, and in every mission activity we must return to the fundamental principle of Christ as a constant and get into touch with men individually. Those whom we long to win must be in touch with the soul of the movement, which is any human heart aflame with the vital fire.[2]

According to one source, Frank decided – while on a train en route to Washington to meet delegates to the World Disarmament Conference in 1921 – to give his whole time to "world changing through life changing." We know from his letters that this journey followed a summer trip to Oxford where he met Loudon Hamilton, a young former artillery officer. Hamilton became the first disciple, and has ever since devoted himself to spreading the Buchmanite message.

About 1925, the Movement began to lose ground – partly due to an unpleasant episode at Princeton (President John Hibben summarily banned Buchman from the campus for asserting that sex ruled campus life). Van Dusen feels that probably not over a half-dozen on both sides of the Atlantic would have acknowledged Frank as their leader. After several years of quiet recruitment, teams set out once again – to South Africa, America, South America, then to the Orient. When one such team composed of several Rhodes scholars and Oxford students arrived in South Africa in 1928, an obliging porter chalked on their railway carriage the words, "The Oxford Group." The name stuck, somewhat to the chagrin of certain Oxford men who resented the similarity to Newman's Oxford Movement of the last century. To this day, MR-A is incorporated in Britain as "The Oxford Group."

One columnist has it that "the movement emigrated to America in 1936 and quickly gained an unsavory reputation as 'The Salvation Army of the upper classes'." Wealthy patrons offered their homes or hired fashionable resorts and ballrooms for its meetings. This practice had started back in the twenties. With the feverish pace and the prosperity of that period in mind, Bach wrote: "It was religion in the style of the roaring twenties – the days of the Scopes trial, Lindbergh's flight, and the scandal of Teapot Dome."[3] Hence the charge that the Movement was unduly concerned with the "up and outs" of society. Yet Buchman felt that these people were often unreached by the Churches (and, needless to say, if they were converted, their testimonies would carry impressive weight). The Movement made up in the thirties for what it had lost in the twenties, and Buchman gained new respect. Here is Harold Begbie's almost-classic description of the leader:

> In appearance he is a young-looking man of middle life . . . upright, stoutish, clean-shaven, spectacled with that mien of scrupulous, shampooed, and almost medical cleanliness, or freshness, which is so characteristically American. His carriage and his gestures are distinguished by an invariable alertness. He never droops, he never slouches. You find him in the small hours of the morning with the same quickness of eye and the same athletic erectness of body which seem to bring a breeze into the breakfast room . . . He strikes one on a first meeting as a warm-hearted and very happy man, who can never know what it is to be physically tired or mentally bored.[4]

By 1938 the Group had begun to concern itself more and more with the menace of fascism and communism. Walking in the Black Forest one day, Buchman had the thought: "Moral and spiritual re-armament. The next great movement in the world will be a movement of moral re-armament for all nations." Later in 1938 the program of Moral Re-Armament was officially launched in London's East Ham Town Hall (a site possibly chosen to offset criticism that the Group neglected the lower classes). An international congress was held in September at Interlaken, Switzerland. Buchman meant MR-A to be a "God-guided campaign to prevent war by moral and spiritual awakening." Numerous world broadcasts in the next few years echoed this hope. On July 19, 1939, at a massive demonstration in the Hollywood Bowl, Frank proclaimed to 30,000: "Tonight you are witnessing the preview of a new world order." His work was endorsed by Roosevelt, Truman, King George VI and many others. His goal was to mobilize 100,000,000 "spiritually inflamed followers by December, 1939, a hundred million men and women who would listen to God!" As Europe stood on the threshold of war, Buchman declared on October 29, 1939: "Today we have reached the parting of the ways. Civilization, man-controlled, is faced with collapse. The long-endured cycle of moving from crisis to crisis must end. Nations must move beyond crisis to cure." But the cure never came. While MR-A armed for peace, the nations armed for war. Before even a million could be enlisted, the world exploded. In the holocaust of disillusionment and the conflagration of ideals, the ranks of MR-A were thinned as men put aside their faith in God for faith in guns. Consequently, interest in MR-A waned; some adherents were killed in action, others despaired in the face of war's reality.

> Even though Buchman really believed he could save the world, the world was neither ready nor willing to be saved, and that, in short, was the situation. There is an individual conscience and a world conscience, and the technique that worked

effectively for the former broke upon the obdurate stubborness of the latter.[5]

Throughout the war MR-A workers went around the United States playing thesis dramas such as "You Can Defend America," a patriotic musical revue; "Drug-store Revolution," a story of the rehabilitation of young lives; and "The Forgotten Factor," an industrial drama for national teamwork. Although Bach calls them "naive and hapless productions," they were much acclaimed for their positive contribution to America's wartime morale. As the war progressed the conviction grew that victory in war would solve little, for the real struggle was an ideological one. Buchman therefore set out to train men and women in "democracy's inspired ideology." The first assembly was held in 1942 at the Mackinac Island, Michigan, training center. An assembly has been held there each successive summer.

The end of the war brought a remarkable resurgence of interest. The following statement gives expression to this new spirit:

> At this hour when humanity is given one last chance to unite and so answer the split atom, Moral Re-Armament is raising up a world force and a world philosophy, adequate to reshape our times. I draw strength and hope from the evidence of a new spirit spreading in country after country. Moral Re-Armament is rendering a great service. It is the one hope of the world.[6]

The great Catholic philosopher, Gabriel Marcel, wrote in *Figaro*: "Moral Re-Armament is a hope — perhaps even *the* hope." Such plaudits have come from statesmen, labor leaders, atomic scientists, churchmen, newspaper editors, and high-ranking military men. In 1946, Swiss sympathizers bought the old Palace Hotel at Caux, which became a second training center. The pre-war days, when Oxford or London was the main theatre of operations, have gone. Today there is a Los Angeles center and operational headquarters in Seattle, Detroit, Washington, and New York. MR-A is building an elaborate "Asia Center" below Mt. Fuji in Japan, complete with its own conference halls and theatre. Its plays — such as "Freedom," "The Crowning Experience," and the musical "The Vanishing Island" — have been performed around the globe.

This is the vast organism that grew out of Buchman's Keswick experience. The last assembly which he himself attended was at Caux in the summer of 1961. After the strenuous sessions with 850 Moral Re-Armers, he went vacationing at the Black Forest resort town of Freudenstadt. One August night, he suffered a heart attack and died there — at the age of 83.

The Techniques of Life-Changing

Undoubtedly, the impact of two world wars and the spread of Communism has led Buchmanites to change their emphasis. They now lay stress upon social and economic — and political — changes, whereas thirty years ago they planned to change the world by ridding youths of their sex-sins and later South Africa of its racial antagonism. Nevertheless, the Movement is as evangelistic today as it was fifty years ago. Its basic techniques remain the same. Buchman once said in a broadcast: "Peace is not just an idea. It's people becoming different." Contrary to the Marxist assumption that the possessing classes are incurably selfish, Buchman declared: "Human nature can be changed. That is the root of the answer. National economies can be changed. That is the fruit of the answer. World history can be changed. That is the destiny of our age." The technique by which human nature is changed can be called a "washout": let a man confess his sins before his fellow and so rid himself of his hidden obsessions. Then let him begin each day with a silent period during which he listens in for divine "guidance," and his life will be renewed and become an influence to renew the world around him. Buchman stated this sequence: "One man changed. A million changed. A nation changed. That is the program of The Oxford Group."

More specifically, the washout comes as a result of the application of the five C's. These are: Confidence, a natural development of friendly acquaintance; Confession, the moral result of intimate friendship, when barriers are leveled and each sees the other as he is; Conviction (of sin), the normal result of the impact upon a man of a quality of life which he instinctively knows to be superior to his own, the lack of which he recognizes as an offense against God; Conversion, the radical change of values brought about by God's spirit working the heart; and Continuance, that life-long process of growth.[7] The outcome of this process is a life changed. Yet the self-surrender implied is not a condition achieved in one cataclysmic experience. As acquaintance with the Movement deepens, more and more unsurrended territory in one's life is discovered.

Though the five C's are much more well-known, there are also five D's — to be found in Peter Howard's *Remaking Men*. He says that the process of remaking a man divides naturally into five steps: Demonstration, Diagnosis, Deliverance, Decision, and Destiny. The worker must first demonstrate in himself a new type of personality and an ideology that really satisfies. He must then diagnose the other's spiritual disease by discovering his moral needs and his ideological convictions. Deliverance means setting the other man free from his bondage to himself; it involves his honesty and restitution. Next, the worker leads him to a decision to live out the moral standards in his life. Finally, the individual fulfills a destiny through acquiring the quality of life and the skill needed to renew nations.[8]

Regardless of which set of steps is used, the goal is always a transformation. For this, a certain pattern has been established. The convert is asked to confess

his sins openly. He then surrenders his will to God and severs all old alliances with sin and evil. He must make restitution for past wrongs and cultivate the guidance of the Holy Spirit. This pattern must be followed to guarantee a genuine transformation. In the leaflet "How to Change" one is told to make a list of everything that conflicts with the Movement's four absolute moral standards: honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. In the past, sex and money were seen as the two biggest problems. Much stress was given to public confession of lurid sex experiences, but this is now discouraged. (Some critics had actually charged that Groupers enjoyed recounting such adventures.)

"Guidance" is the corollary to measurement against the four pillars of morality. The pamphlet "How to Listen" describes this practice. The best time for guidance is in the early morning, in the quiet before the busy day begins. It is argued that since God gave man two ears and one mouth, we should therefore listen twice as much as we talk. So one listens for the voice of God, and he writes down the thoughts that come. Since clearly there will be thoughts that are not from God, one subjects his thoughts to three tests: 1) Are they in line with the four standards? 2) Are they in line with duties to family and country? and 3) Are they in accord with the rest of the listeners in the Group? Once one has done this, he is obliged to act on those thoughts which express God's will. Buchman felt that definite, adequate, accurate information could come from the mind of God to the mind of man. A world full of people listening to God would be able to change world history. This feeling stands behind Buchman's philosophy of world affairs (in the words of William Penn): "Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants."

Eister has made the observation that early twentieth-century church practice, by "overlooking the collective character of spiritual endeavor and appealing so heavily to the individual conscience and expecting each person to fight his own spiritual battles apart from his fellows . . . left most people spiritually lonely and disheartened."[9] Buchman was aware of this tendency. He therefore introduced the house-party technique by which, in an informal setting and a spirit of camaraderie one man could lead another to confess his sin and ultimately to change his life. These groups ranged in size from twenty to 150 or more. They were held in a country inn, a hotel, or a private residence, depending on size, and lasted from a weekend to ten days.

> Groups are held in the living room, and people are free to go or not as they choose. Informality is the order of the day. The basis of invitation is friendship, and this, together with the times when simple introductions are in order, makes for a relationship among those present that is warm and personal.[10]

The house-party can be likened to the Catholic "retreat" or the Protestant "conference." A summer resort in Kuling, Central China, was the site of the first one in 1918. A hundred Chinese and foreign Christians were present – missionaries, pastors, businessmen and statesmen. Today house-parties are as important as ever, although they are now more likely to be called "meetings."

The Theological Ingredients

Where does Moral Re-Armament stand on the vital theological issues? As has been written, "The Movement is committed to no distinctive theological position and embraces a considerable range of view." The same writer hastens to add, however, that "Beneath its every practice there is a very large measure of theological presupposition which readily can be discovered and displayed – a theological position, if you will."[11]

The Keswick experience provides some insight into Frank Buchman's personal theological concerns. Here is the experience as he recalled it in 1960:

> . . . I saw Christ on the Cross . . . And there came in my life a vivid sense of having experienced the Atonement. And I left that service with a consciousness of having the complete answer to all my difficulties and sins. I heard the wind of heaven. It passed over me and through me, and I walked out of that place a different man . . . That was in 1908.
>
> It is fifty-one years ago that that experience came to me. It made all the difference in the world . . .
>
> I feel a great many people speak of the Cross, but it does not mean a thing. It isn't real. It is something they hear about or read about, something somebody else has. But an experience of the Cross is vital, real, and goes straight into your life.
>
> You remember the experience of Paul, what happened to him on the Damascus Road. Paul heard a voice, but saw no man, and he was transformed. It is this kinship with the heavenly force which brings that alignment, as we listen to the still, small Voice.
>
> With an experience of the Cross, you will shrink from nothing. I learned at Keswick that I was as wrong as anybody else. I was most in need of change. I was the one to begin.[12]

References to Christ appear frequently in Buchman's speeches. There was "One basic ingredient for success: self-discovery. Or: Christ-discovery. Either way, the end was the same: the Christ in self was the true self, and its capacity for goodness and truth was unlimited." It was normal to hear him talk about "Norway ablaze for Christ" as the Movement grew in scope. Swedes heard Buchman at Visby in 1938: "Let us for a moment see a picture of the Cross of Christ, and let me say, if you join in this great crusade, you will get

the way of the Cross . . . It is a personal experience of the Cross. It is not I, but Christ. It is not I at the head, but Christ who leads." With war drawing slowly closer, he declared: " . . . A mighty change on a colossal scale is the only hope left. This change begins with a change in human nature through Jesus Christ . . ." As recently as 1961 — in Milan a few months before he died — Buchman said, "I do not say I am without sin. I do say I live for one thing only: to make Jesus Christ regnant in the life of every person I meet — including the man who is going to bring me my breakfast."

The issue of sin received extensive treatment. According to Russell, Buchman felt that the degree of our freedom from sin is the degree of our desire to be free. He would have one not only hate sin, but confess sin and forsake sin, making restitution to the person sinned against. Exactly what sin is considered to be can be seen from Hofmeyer's pamphlet "How to Change": "Sin is anything that comes between me and God, between me and other people, or between me and building a new world."

Something also needs to be said about the concept of man. In short, MR-A's anthropology echoes its attitudes toward Christ and sin. Man is seen as a basically self-willed creature who can still come under God's control. In other words, through an experience of Christ, one can see his own moral shortcomings, and can emulate Christ by being willing to live by the four standards and guidance. This element of voluntarism stems in part from Buchman's own conversion. His cleansing came through a decision to submit his will entirely to the will of God, and thus he decided that religion is not so much a matter of emotion, nor of doctrine, as of the will. His task became two-fold: to be led by God's will, and to induce others to be led by God's will. The most detailed MR-A view of man is given in Howard's *Remaking Men*. Its principal theme is that human nature can be changed.

An Appraisal

When Professor Van Dusen made his study of the Oxford Group thirty years ago, he wrote that his conclusions would reflect his presuppositions. Likewise, my own conclusions regarding MR-A's conformity to Christian theology will depend upon my arbitrary standards of judgment. These standards consist of certain statements which express the core of the Christian message. First is the doctrine of man: Man is God's creature, once with God, but now estranged from Him. Second is the doctrine of sin. Sin is that condition which produces and sustains estrangement. Whether sin be defined as disobedience, independence, pride or rebellion on the part of man, it is essential to see sin as something which man cannot eliminate by himself. The incentive for restoration of the original relationship must come from God. This leads to the doctrine of Christ. Christ is the manifestation of this incentive. As God incarnate, He atones for sin. Through faith in this redemptive activity, it is now possible for man to realize his intended destiny. The end result of this activity is called "salvation."

> In the words of Luther: original, or natural, or personal sin is the real chief sin. If this were not true, there would be no real sin. This sin is not committed like all other sins, but it exists, it lives, and it commits all sins, and it is the essential sin, which does not sin for an hour or for a time; but where and how long the person exists, there, too, is the sin.
>
> Therefore the Lutheran Confessions state: It is not enough to believe that Christ was born, that He suffered, that He was quickened again, unless we also add this article, which states why all this was done, namely, the forgiveness of sin . . . The Lutheran Confessions bring every Christian doctrine into the focus of Christ's saving work. To know Christ means to know and accept His benefits. There is no Christology without soteriology.
>
> The Augsburg Confession declares: Men cannot be justified before God by their own virtue, merit, or work, but are justified freely for Christ's sake through faith, when they believe that they have been received into grace, that their sins have been forgiven for Christ's sake, who rendered satisfaction for our sins by His death. This faith God counts for righteousness before Him.[13]

As time went by, Buchman transmitted less and less of his Keswick faith to the Movement. Now it is not restricted to Christians; it is open to Buddhists, Moslems, Hindus, and other religions. Perhaps this may be accounted for by MR-A's turn to social, economic and political questions. Ivan Yates, a British columnist, feels this way:

> Until 1938, the movement retained its distinctively Christian character . . . From then on the movement began to take on its present shape. The name changed. So did the strategy . . . The accent was now on the world . . . Under the impact of war the emphasis shifted to moral re-armament, to patriotism, to a new "ideology for democracy" — and to anti-communism. Today MR-A makes no bones about the need to be a Christian.[14]

Some have also explained the shift by saying that Frank felt there were many ways to God. But then why did he say what he did in Milan about making "Jesus Christ regnant in the life of every person" he met? Apparently he was committed to a kind of witnessing in his own life which he did not expect to be carried out in the program of the Movement. Still, the question remains: How did non-Christians come to be seen as

acceptable? It may be that the theology of the Group will provide material for an answer.

Christ has sometimes been said to have two aspects – what I will call the "ethical" and the "saving." Moral Re-Armament – and the Oxford Group before it – put overwhelming stress on the "ethical" aspect, to the neglect of the "saving" aspect. The call was to "be like" Christ, rather than to "believe in" Him. Group publications abound in remarks similar to this one: "If we really believe that Jesus Christ is our Redeemer then we will be able to get rid of sin because He got rid of sin."[15] Placed in the context of Group attitudes, the Verse "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" returns the same ring. For the important thing here is supposedly the cleansing: *i.e.,* now that Christ's blood has been spilled, we men are all free of sin. The assumption is always that man can become perfect, that indeed "human nature can be changed." The kernal of this assumption is present in Buchman's Keswick realization that "I was the one to begin." There is consequently a tendency toward "auto-redemption," and Christ is no longer needed as a Savior. His "saving" aspect becomes superfluous, and so does any talk about salvation or the problem of death. The statement "There is no Christology without soteriology" is thus a very telling one.

There is another way of viewing the same situation. Luther once wrote that a confession of oneself as a sinner is in itself an act of faith. A man will not be drawn to Christ unless he makes this prior act of faith in himself as a sinner. For "Christ came not for the righteous," but only for those who see themselves in need of Him. It is the MR-A concept of the nature of sin that is the root of the problem. MR-A stresses those particular wrongs, rather than "the essential sin." It is these particular sins for which one is called to repentance, for which restitution is to be made. MR-A correctly says that these sins stand between man and man, and man and God. But to say only this is to say too little. Christ – with all of His benefits, including the forgiveness of *sin* – is again shown to be really quite unnecessary, just because men do not really believe they need Him.

Having said this much, I cannot help but agree with Mayer's thesis. He says that they have a "very Lutheran approach: hate, forsake, confess, repair sin. Yet the Groupers approach sins very atomistically, and their literature contains no description of the true nature of sin nor of divine forgiveness . . . The dynamics for its alleged moral re-armament is not the Christ-centered faith of the New Testament, but the anthropocentric philosophy of man's own device."[16] The foregoing should also help to explain, not why the transition in fact occurred, but why it was *so easy* for it to occur. The Oxford Group's theology never was incompatible with other religions, simply because Christ was not an object of saving faith. I admit that there were many Christians in the Movement – both then and now – and that others have rejoined their Churches upon meeting the Movement, but belief in Christ was only a by-product of a message which aimed at getting people to live *like* Him.

Rev. Samuel Shoemaker, the Rector of New York's Calvary Episcopal Church, is an example of a man who became disillusioned with the Movement on the above grounds. Shoemaker has been the chief American disciple until "after careful thought and prayer" he abandoned MR-A in October, 1941, because of "increased misgivings." He said:

> Be kind and good – the people who do that are Christians. The people who try to act like Jesus and go about doing good – they are Christians. "Be like Jesus" – that is Christianity. Is that Christianity? Is the poor effort of any man to approach perfection Christianity? Is my attempt to find my way back to God Christianity? . . . I know it is not, and so do you.
>
> I am sick of all this talk about the Golden Rule . . . Some of us have never caught original Christianity by the hem. For original Christianity began with the announcement of something that God had done, something that God had given. It was wholly supernatural, not so much in the sense of the miraculous accompaniments, not so much in the sense that it was itself a great miracle, because only God Himself could have created it. Original Christianity for all time, is not a matter of man reaching up to find God, but of God reaching down to find man; not a matter of man trying to live up to a moral code, but of man responding with his whole nature to the mercy and kindness of God.[17]

Guidance is another questionable practice of Moral Re-Armament. Hofmeyer says one test for the thoughts received in guidance is "the test of other minds." In other words, submit your thoughts to others for approval. This naturally leads to "majority-rule" decisions. In the end, the less-experienced workers usually side with the ones of greatest background in the group. I know this from personal experience. This is a crucial difficulty for Moral Re-Armament. For the foundation of a movement or a church or an organization is always its claim to authority – and when that claim is challenged, the future of the movement is in jeopardy.

This examination of MR-A has shown it to be wanting in the light of my arbitrary standards. MR-A, even when it was the Oxford Group, lacked a proper understanding of the work and person of Christ. Yet there are things for the Church to learn from the Movement. *Remaking Men* contains helpful insights into the desires and motivations of human nature. The man-to-man approach used by MR-A also has its merits. For the Church too often sees Gospel-preaching from

the pulpit to the masses as its essential operation, rather than the very basic and vital face-to-face confrontation. MR-A, with its attention to personal relationships within a matrix of fellowship, meets this need handily. Mayer disagrees with the fundamental motif of MR-A but writes: "In its emphasis on sincere devotion, personal mission work and religious meditation, Buchmanism is a rebuke to institutionalized religion and to a mere external religiosity." MR-A is also an indictment against traditional Protestantism's attitude toward the confessional. Naturally, the practice of confession can easily become a "work," as Luther warned. The tendency to sensationalize is also to be avoided. Nevertheless, confession – what Freud would call "the talking cure" – has played a large part in MR-A's success. The movement realizes that confession is indeed good for the soul, that telling one's deepest anxieties to another human being is far more salutary than repressing them (even more salutary, I might suggest, than speaking them to God alone!). Above all, it should be made clear that confession is not bad simply because Roman Catholics practice it.

Epilogue

My own interest in Moral Re-Armament began in high school. I was never a full-time team worker, but for three years I helped with projects on a part-time basis. I also attended conferences at Mackinac Island on three occasions. Though I never knew Frank Buchman personally, I came to know the impact of his extraordinary personality in several informal gatherings. Besides reading hundreds of testimonials, I have known scores of MR-A workers. My own disassociation came because the movement did not provide a faith that satisfied, and because the ethics of its *modus operandi* often seemed not quite "absolutely honest."[18]

This, then, is the story of Moral Re-Armament as I see it. In a word, it is a story of secularization. But I would not want to leave the reader with the impression that I disparage this secularization. That a movement turns from giving "the peace that passes all understanding" to giving "the world's peace" does not mean it necessarily loses all value. Granted, most Christians feel they are abdicating from an obligation if they do not give the former peace, if they do not preach the Gospel and convert the nations. On the other hand, unless there are forces which make a concerted effort to keep the planet intact. there may soon be no nations left to convert. This "point of no return" – when that world's peace which is prerequisite to giving the other peace has disappeared – may not be far away. Then the Christian churches will realize too late that it would have been more in the interest of witnessing to have sanctioned these secular peacemakers. So even in the eyes of the Church, Moral Re-Armament can be of value. Indeed, MR-A is doing a job the Church is unable to do, at least in the near future. Because it transcends racial, cultural, and religious barriers to speak its message – faster and with more promise than does the Church – MR-A has a "jump" on the Church with regard to securing the world's peace. It may therefore still serve Christianity even though it by no means offers a substitute for the Christian message.

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A New Approach for a New Age *

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I have been rather reluctant to report on general impressions gathered during a recent trip of four months to some of our mission fields. As a matter of fact, except medical reports and listing of some specific observations to Dr. Harms and Dr. Wolbrecht upon return, and a report on special administrative problems in Nigeria made upon request to the Board of Directors in January, this is the first time that I am speaking on this topic to anyone.

Ever since I got back I have found myself in a turmoil of near frustration from which I have not yet been able to escape, because more than ever before I have experienced on this trip the compelling urgency for a really all-out effort of consecrated witness for Christ to the anti-Christian and semi-Christian world, while realizing at the same time my personal inability to do much if anything about this, even feeling incompetent to convey at least part of this experience to well-meaning but complacent friends, to a serenely self-satisfied church, to an administration overburdened and preoccupied with day-to-day business. This should and does reduce one to a rather abject "pater peccavi," but also carries with it the danger of becoming immobilized or stagnant as the realization of the immensity of what we as part of Christ's church ought to be doing, to remain true to our calling, is so overwhelming.

This has not been the first time that I had the privilege to visit most of our mission fields in Africa and Asia, and it is only three years since I left full-time mission work in India. The challenges to our work seen on this trip are therefore nothing new. What made them appear so startling and alarming was the experience of the increased intensity and relentless speed of political developments, and the great changes of cultural and mental environment in the so-called underdeveloped countries which are bringing about an emerging of Asian and African people who are quite different from those whom we have known in the past.

We, of course, know that "something is going on"; we are not satisfied with doing our mission work as "business as usual," and have considerably increased the budget support to overseas missions. But to simply do more of what we have been doing all along without an immediate competent re-study of our whole program is not the answer either. Not only we here at home, but frequently also our missionaries overseas, are stuck in the rut of old established patterns by which mission work has been done heretofore and lack the vision, specific knowledge, and courage for basic changes.

What we need is an entirely new approach to the mission of the church, an approach which forgets old traditions, narrow rules and regulations and even safe accounting procedures, and which takes its directive from nothing but our commission to bring Christ's redemption and love to a rapidly darkening world. For this we will need ideas, flexibility, speed of action, and intensity of purpose and dedication much greater than anything we have known before.

What are the problems, what are the new developments which the visitor sees on our mission fields, why all the dark Cassandra warnings? Well, there is really nothing new, nothing we have not seen or at least read about; but such visits do sharpen one's understanding of the difficulties and special challenges which we are facing. I will give a few examples.

Nationalism: In Africa and Asia this means something quite different from the *positive* pride and loyalty to our own people and to the country of our parents that we know this term to mean on this Continent or in Europe. Particularly in Africa the newly arising nationalism is something extremely sensitive and almost arrogant simply *because it is defensive.* Its source is a sense of humiliation or, as one writer puts it, "should be seen in its earlier stages as the sum of the sense of indignity felt by individuals." Mr. Nehru of India most aptly once added a fifth freedom to the four basic freedoms quoted by United Nations, "freedom from contempt." Nationalism in Africa does not forget the bitter humiliation of the *slave trade;* it remembers its long *occupation and exploitation by European powers;* and it continues to remind itself of the still existing *racial discrimination* in the West which many of their leaders experienced personally during academic training in the United States or Europe. This sense of assumed inferiority is also part of the fierce nationalism of the Near East and Asia, but it appears here together with a deep and occasionally suspiciously over-emphasized pride in indigenous culture, history, and religious or philosophical tradition. Even if they might not be articulated, these feelings are just as sensitive and pronounced among Christians as they are among Muslims, Hindus, or Animists.

Islam: As active contemporary antagonist Islam is becoming an increasing problem to our missionaries and young churches, whether this is in India, the Philip-

**These "notes on a report about an overseas trip" were presented by Dr. Bulle to a meeting of the executive staff of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod on February* 14, 1963

pines, or Nigeria. In some parts of West Africa supposedly ten times as many converts are being won to Islam as are being brought into the Christian church. Responsible for this is the fact that Islam has managed in most countries to appear as a *national religion* and has not been associated with former colonial powers. Secondly, it has successfully stressed *lay witness* and accomplishes its expansion without professional clericalism. A strong factor has also been its sense of *social unity* which ties everyday life, trade, worship, and religious customs together, as well as the fact that it does not know *racial differences.* It is a religion of *work righteousness* (confession, prayer, almsgiving, and pilgrimage), is willing to overlook the religious background of the people, and polygamy (should not exceed four wives) is no problem. The many *Moslem brotherhoods* have been of considerable help and much of the present outward thrust is supported by the *Ahmadiyya Movement* directed from Pakistan.

Another antagonist to Christian witness overseas is the charge that ours is a *racist religion.* One hears this not only in Africa but in many Asian countries as well; and what press notices about university riots in Mississippi do to our work has to be seen to be believed. Past association of missionaries with colonial powers or, just as bad, equation in the nationals' mind of the American missionary with the military and commercial imperialism of which the United States finds itself accused in the foreign press, add to this. The same is true of the publicity given to practices of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa. Church services in English held only for missionaries are sometimes misunderstood, as are pretentious homes, large missionary compounds, etc. A reluctance to involve nationals in administrative responsibilties, the use of foreign art, which shows Christ as a white man and sometimes only the devil as black, are other hindrances to mention only a few. Stringent supervision of financial accounts by the supporting mother church is often interpreted as lack of trust, as is the insistence of the sending church upon continued observance of denominational differences, sometimes even those which are based rather on different traditions than different theological teaching and those which are justified by interdenominational or even inter-Lutheran relations outside the individual mission field.

Our insistence upon development of an *"indigenous church"* and emphasis upon need for self-support has not always been correctly understood. Many younger churches are alarmed that it might be our intention to wash our hands of their concerns as soon as a local administrative body has been set up. Waesa, the president of the Wabag Lutheran Church, quotes a New Guinea proverb on this which says, "Sugarcane will only grow tall if its stakes are tied together." We need to remind ourselves and our brethren overseas that it is not our intention to establish individual church groups divided by geographic or national boundaries. Our emphasis must be more clearly upon the church universal, upon a wholesome inter-dependence in a unity of grace where no member will ever be in a position where he does not need his brother in another country, another ethnic group, another denomination, and the shadow of the $-sign should disappear from church relationships.

Communism might in some areas be a real threat, but I myself have not noticed too much of this during my last trip. Very much in evidence is abundant *literature* of good quality and low cost to which American paperbacks of frequently questionable content are a sad contrast, and the saturation of African and Asian countries with Communist *broadcasts.* In Arabic alone the USSR broadcasts weekly fifty hours, to this China adds fourteen hours, East Germany forty-nine hours. The appeal of Communism over against the former colonialism of the West is probably diminishing. The large number of scholarships offered to students of many countries to universities of Eastern Europe and Russia are mentioned in conversations much more often than are loans or grants of foreign aid.

What Should Be Done? Permit me to respectfully offer a few personal thoughts and suggestions on this.

1) Find more ways to not only *proclaim* but at the same time *demonstrate* the Gospel by the life we live, the work we do as individuals as well as the church, the language we speak.
2) Carry our teaching more into the homes and the lives of our people. We missionaries can learn about this quite often from our national co-workers. To them there is no distinction between religious and secular spheres and to them Christian faith has concerns about all aspects of life.
3) In medical work we should place greater emphasis upon work which permits the missionary to demonstrate his personal concern, to render personal service, at least try to avoid having institutional concerns and administrative responsibilities stand between the individual medical missionary and the people.
4) Involve our young people as volunteers in actual mission work. Encourage the use of short-term staff. Use at least some colored missionaries, also some colored secretaries in our mission administration.
5) More offers of scholarship to overseas students and provisions of intimate contact with them on our university campuses here in the United States.
6) Give individual mission executives smaller fields of responsibility and enable them to visit mission fields every year, certainly not less often than every two years. Make it possible for at least some Board members to visit overseas. The LCA has budgeted this year $68,500 for such board travel alone, has

increased this budget provision by $20,000 over last year.

7) Extend greater trust and respect to national co-workers and, to use a statement of Rev. E. C. May, "grant them also the right to err and to be forgiven."

8) Permit the church in *any* area to develop its own structure and relationship and, while adhering to Lutheran emphasis upon liturgics, let it find its own form of worship and expression.

9) We need to find positive answers as to how we as a Scriptural church can and must witness to the cause of the church, the whole church, and not to denominationalism. Our traditional concepts of fellowship and cooperation do not give us the guidance which we need on overseas mission fields today. A solution must be found to the application of so-called "mathematics" in questions of Christian fellowship with churches in other countries, other cultural or different historical environment.

LET ME KNOW

Let me know
that this year
August will not mean
folded leaves
on a grey breast
grasshoppers dead
in the white road
crickets' end and
sky slashed by mad crows
fat on carrion
tell me
August will not weave
a wreath for anything.

— Marcia G. Wittmaack

THE HOUSE

The care of flowers
Most difficult
She wore a bonnet;
I was young then.

There is as much to know
In the tending of a rose
In water and light
And love
As in all our cities.

My son
Is in the army.

My mother
Sleeps now
And is not seen
In the garden. I
Am left with my studies
With the problem of love.
My son
Keeps me informed
On the nature of hate.

— Tracy Thompson

Toward a New Trend

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

Jerome Robbins has proved the intimate relationship between dancer and actor in "West Side Story" and has shown that the theatre is the dancer's as well as the actor's legitimate world. When asked about their interrelationship, he said: "Dancers and choreographers are already working *in* the theatre, thus I actually never feel they have turned toward it. Every actor should have a vigorous dance training and vice versa. Every dancer must act and every actor must dance. I find no great separation in the approach to either."

This probably expresses the hope of every director and the desire of every actor and dancer. But the facts too often negate these hopes. Until recently only very few dancers have ever given serious thought to studying acting and actors have hardly gone beyond a few basic exercises in dancing. From the beginning of our theatre renaissance in the Twenties a realistic conception of play staging was predominant and had drawn a demarcation line between dancing and acting as if they were two completely different things.

The post-war period has gone through decisive changes in the basic concept toward staging and the stage itself. It is as if with the dropping of the H-bomb over Hiroshima man had said to himself: " . .. and thus I have achieved the dream of the Renaissance man and the end of him!" The theatre, always a true mirror reflection of its time, began to run absurd, to seek with mankind a new identity. It no longer wanted to exist within the narrow frame of the proscenium stage (which, no doubt, has the stamp of a feudal society in which the bourgeois society gloried in the last century and this), it asked for and is still demanding a new freedom which may one day lead to a new kind of playwriting necessitated by the predictable technological possibilities of the physical stage image.

In the transition period through which we are going the demolition of the real and the triumph of all unreality, of a fluid, imaginative (i.e., above all, nonrealistic) stage image has set in. The trend points toward a new form of the theatre, toward a bold vision of a total theatre in which mobility and translucency of the physical — with stage lighting playing a new creative role — will go hand in hand with a stronger movement concept of the actor. Whether it will develop into a new type of lyric theatre cannot yet be said, although many indications speak for it. One of them is the growing influence of the dancer and choreographer in the legitimate theatre. When Jean-Louis Barrault says that the theatre and the actor must regain what seems to have been lost: " . . . the sense of movement, the rhythm that lies hidden in man and of which the gesture is the outward manifestation, the dance its artistic fulfillment," then he, too, shows the way toward a new lyric theatre.

Still a few years ago the choreographer's task was limited to creating dances or, at best, to advising the director as to what is loosely called stage movement. That choreographers are now so often charged with directing plays proves that the theatre strives toward a new way of expression. It began with the musical in which the story and its drama have become of great importance, as in Jerome Robbins' "West Side Story." Robbins, who, in the early Forties, began as a dancer and choreographer, was captivated by the ballet with social significance. It resulted in such creations as his "Age of Anxiety." But he is primarily interested in exploring everything theatrical and, after having wedded jazz with the set vocabulary of the classical ballet, he turned to directing straight plays. His staging of Kopit's "Oh Dad" — the play with the longest title may still turn out to be the play with the longest run — has become a sensational success, and he has now dared to tackle one of the greatest directional problems, namely that of Bertolt Brecht's "Mother Courage."

His is a stunning, but not isolated, case. The choreographer Gower Champion staged "Bye, Bye Birdie" and "Carnival" — two musical hits — and has now directed Lillian Hellman's new play "My Mother, My Father and Me." After several directors had seemingly failed in whipping into shape the new musical "Hot Spot" (which is still on the road), the choreographer Herbert Ross was called in to "save" it.

It may be that this new trend is a hopeful sign for the theatre to regain its position as a vital artistic expression of the time and of the people. Since the dance, or the notion of movement, has left its peripheral place to become the heart of the matter and since the dance can best give shape to any artistic statement in terms of the poetic essence of a human experience, we seem to stand on the threshold of a new histrionic era. We are about to push open invisible doors which may lead into yet unknown artistic landscapes.

From the Chapel

The Great King's Return

By O. W. Toelke
Vice-President, Department of Development
Valparaiso University

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which was taken from you shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.

Acts 1:11

There were other ascensions before our Lord's ascension. Enoch entered the realms of heaven without passing through temporal death. We have very little information concerning his ascent. All we are told is – "and Enoch walked with God and he was no more." Apparently there were no witnesses to that ascension. In the Book of II Kings we are told of another member of the army of saints in the Old Testament, the prophet Elijah, who also reached heaven without following the detour of death. The account states that suddenly there appeared from heaven a fiery chariot and fiery horses and they transported Elijah into heaven as if he were taken by a whirlwind. There was one witness to the ascension of Elijah. That witness was his successor, Elisha, a man endowed with a double measure of Elijah's spirit.

However, any resemblance between the ascension of Enoch and Elijah to that of Christ is purely coincidental. In the first two ascensions we see individual men receiving unusual favors at the hand of God. In Christ's ascension we see God bestowing unusual favors on all mankind.

There are those who simply cannot see in the Ascension a matter of great import. There are those who see in it no special significance for their Christian faith and life, and actually look upon it as a sad occasion which brought about the physical separation of the Lord Jesus from His disciples and left them a lonely, peculiar people in a troubled world. On the other hand, there are those who see in the Ascension implications of cataclysmic proportions for their Christian life and faith. They see in it the glorious conclusion to the Easter victory, a preview of heaven, a guarantee of the heavenly home.

The Ascension is our Lord's farewell to His disciples. Farewells lose their bitterness when sweetened by the promise of a speedy or even remote return. Such an assurance is more to the loving heart than all the gifts and legacies which the departing can bestow. All the years of a lifetime are not enough for the Christian to learn the magnitude of Jesus' love – or to learn that in expressing this love He gives us more than we ask or can even hope for or expect. When Zacchaeus climbed the tree to see Jesus, he not only saw Him, but Jesus spoke to him and even became a guest in his home. When the centurion asked nothing more than the assurance of the spoken word, Jesus gave him much more. He accompanied him personally to his home. When the thief on the cross asked only to be remembered, Jesus gave him that and a heavenly home in addition. So also on the occasion of His Ascension, He knew that the very best that He could possibly give to His disciples was the assurance of His return. He provided angels to tell the disciples, "This same Jesus which was taken from you shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

Jesus had done His great work. The manger, the cross, the tomb, are now all things of the past. Now the last act in the great drama that we know as the Incarnation takes place. Place yourself, in imagination, in that group of disciples that was privileged to accompany Jesus to the Mount of Olives. In Luke's record of the Ascension we read: "And He led them out as far as to Bethany and He lifted up His hands and blessed them." Gaze, with affectionate thought, on that scene for a moment. The very last thing He did for those He loved before withdrawing His visible presence was bestow a blessing.

We may well assume that as the last words of blessing fell upon the mountainside a solemn silence akin to the stillness of death prevailed for a moment that seemed more like an eternity. The disciples did not utter a single word or sound. Even Peter was silenced by the majesty of the occasion. Any man becomes mute before the opening gates of heaven – even if they are ajar only a fraction of an inch for a fraction of a second. And so Jesus rises slowly from their midst to be swallowed up by the clouds. No hand is raised to touch Him, no one speaks to entreat His stay. The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace returns to His heavenly throne.

It required messengers from heaven to break the spell of silence that cast itself over the disciples.

The words of the angel gave more comfort than balm in a smarting wound. The group stands in silence looking at one another. Their tongues are silent, but their thoughts are fairly crying out. "Thomas, what are you thinking about?" There is only one answer he could possibly give. "My shameful moment of unbelief in the upper room." "Peter, what are you think-

ing about?" There is only one answer he could give. "Of my faithless, threefold denial; of my thoughtless sleeping in the Garden of Gethsemane; of my selfish absence from Calvary." "John, what are you thinking about?" There was only one answer he could give. "Of that disgraceful moment in the garden when we all forsook Him and fled." Yes, they were thinking of those scenes and a thousand others like them, each illustrating their folly and His wise love. And now He is gone – no chance for apologies – no opportunity to return kindnesses – no time to retract harsh and unbelieving words.

But the words of the angels are a stimulant as well as a balm. The Master has given them a great commission, and they know that they must be faithful stewards. The battle will be hard and bloody – but they know now that they will never fight alone. The road will be rough and difficult – but they know now that they will never walk alone. The task at hand is overwhelming – but they know now that they will never labor alone.

Yes, perhaps the tongues of fire that rested on the heads of the disciples ten days later at Pentecost burned just a little brighter because they had been present at the Ascension of our Lord and by this time realized its many blessings.

May the ascended Christ bring us to the same realization.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

WITHOUT faith it is impossible to please God, reports the author of the Letter to the Hebrews. Tearing the words out of context, we move on from them in our formulation of doctrines. Only a Christian can please God, we say. The Christian act pleases God, the non-Christian act does not. Then there must be something about the Christian that makes the Christian's act different. Of course, we say, *The Christian acts in the love of God.* Other people may love their children, or their neighbor, but they do not know God and cannot love Him. *Their* acts have the wrong motive!

This is troublesome. How do I love my Lord? Is it a "feeling" that I have? What do I *do* that is love for God? Through long and tortuous thought I must reach the conclusion that there is no way I can give my love to God except through loving my fellow man. For this is the nature of God: He loves the people around me. This is what Jesus came to make evident: He loves the people around me. My act is not a gracious act because I love God, but because like God I love this man, this woman, this child. My forgiving is not Godly because I love God. It is Godly when I forgive because God has forgiven this man, this woman, this child. My act is Christian not because I love God, but because I understand from God in Christ that the love He has given me He has given also to this man, this woman, this child that stands before me. It is Christian not because I love God, but because He loves me.

Then what is the difference between the Christian's act of love and the unbeliever's? I am not too sure there is any. In shame I must confess that when I love my son, I am as selfish as any unbeliever. When I help a blind man across the street, I am as contented as any unbeliever that I have done a noble deed. When I give to the United Fund, my left hand knows what my right is doing: I record the act to my credit. It may well be that the Christian's act *should* have a different motive. But reality has a way of denying the ideal: I find no evidence for this different motive.

Love is love, and if the unbeliever truly loves, he is expressing the nature of his God. The difference between the Christian and the non-Christian is not in giving love, but in receiving it. If in knowing Christ we have more love to give, it is only because we have received more; in that our Christian difference rests.

JERUSALEM VISIT -- 1963

A. Muslims at prayer in the Temple area.
B. Tombs in the West wall of the Kidron Valley.
C. The Damascus Gate.
D. The Wailing Wall.

Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni

By WALTER A. HANSEN

THE first day of April has crept up, and the deadline for my column has passed into history. What shall I discuss today? Suddenly I have an inspiration. I remember that one of the greatest pianists of all time was born on April Fool's Day in the year 1866.

Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni was a mighty giant in the world of music. His birthplace was Empoli, near the city of Florence. His father, a competent clarinetist, was an Italian; his mother, a capable pianist, had some German blood in her veins. Busoni died in Berlin on July 27, 1924. One need not boggle at speaking of him as a great master of the piano. He was a musician's musician.

I heard Busoni only once. Although this important event in my life took place many years ago, I have a vivid recollection of the famous artist's stirring performance of Ludwig van Beethoven's last piano sonata. I had studied this majestic outpouring of beauty and profundity long before I had an opportunity to come under the spell of Busoni's reading, and I thought I knew at least a little about the contents of the masterpiece. But the impeccable performance that thrilled my whole being on that memorable occasion showed me with striking conclusiveness that much of the substance of the work had eluded me. Although I had read thousands of words about Busoni's towering stature as a pianist, I did not realize how great he was until I heard him in the flesh. I wish I could have interviewed him. But in those days I was not plying the pen of a music critic. At that time I did not have to write about him. I merely listened with bated breath and marveled.

Are you acquainted with Niccolo Paganini's *La Campanella?* Franz Liszt transcribed this captivatingly tuneful tidbit for the piano. Then Busoni made his own transcription of Liszt's transcription. This was and still is magic. Even though *La Campanella* is far below Beethoven's final piano sonata in worth, it is packed with excitement. Busoni held me spellbound when he played his version of *La Campanella.* His technical agility was dazzling. I used to try in the sweat of my face to improve my own digital dexterity by devoting many hours of practice to the ingenious technical exercises he had devised. Although these studies did me a world of good, it was a foregone conclusion at the very outset that I would never be able even to approach the phenomenal skill that characterized Busoni's playing.

The word "authority" is frequently used in a manner that must be described as decidely loose. But one need not hesitate to employ the word in its strictest sense when speaking of Busoni's comprehensive knowledge and understanding of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach: In this field as well as in more than one other domain his learning was completely authoritative. His transcriptions for the piano of some of the mighty Cantor's organ compositions give proof of simon-pure scholarship and flawless taste. At this juncture I must say again that I cannot see eye to eye with those who fly into a tantrum whenever one broaches the subject of transcribing Bach.

Although Busoni's own compositions exemplify outstanding craftsmanship and amazing resourcefulness, they have never made their way into the hearts of audiences. In fact, they seem to be destined for oblivion — except, of course, in the history books.

The late Dimitri Mitropoulos, who, in my opinion, was a great conductor and a pianist of extraordinary ability, studied for a time under Busoni. He broke more than one lance for his famous teacher's music. But Busoni's original works are too academic in nature to win popular appeal. On several occasions Mitropoulos spoke to me about Busoni with unstinted admiration. As one of the most amazingly gifted musicians of recent times he was keenly aware of his distinguished mentor's vast learning. Nevertheless, his ardent and capable espousal of Busoni's compositions could not achieve what the compositions themselves were unable to achieve; it could not create a wide-spread longing to hear this music.

At the moment I can think of two renowned pianists who owed much to the tutelage of Busoni. Their names were Egon Petri and Percy Grainger. To my thinking, Petri's artistry fell short of genuine greatness. I often admired his playing, but it never moved me to the quick. I considered Grainger a poseur, even though I knew that he did much for the cause of English and Irish folk music and that he was an ardent champion of the works of Edvard Hagerup Grieg, whose compositions have never ceased to warm the cockles of my heart. Grainger was patently inept as a conductor. On one occasion I made a few bitter enemies by writing in a derogatory manner about his lack of ability on the podium. His widely heralded skill as a pianist usually left me cold. I have often wondered how Busoni felt about it.

April Fool's Day really fooled me. When I awoke this morning, I was at least a thousand miles away from the subject of a column; but when Busoni's name popped into my mind, I knew at once that I would have to struggle to keep this contribution within editorially prescribed bounds.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE LITURGICAL RENEWAL OF THE CHURCH

Edited by Massey Hamilton Shepherd, Jr. (Oxford University Press, $3.25)

THE EUCHARIST AND LITURGICAL RENEWAL

Edited by Massey Hamilton Shepherd, Jr. (Oxford University Press, $3.00)

These two books are simply the papers and sermons delivered at two liturgical conferences of Episcopal churches, the first in Grace Church, Madison, Wisconsin, in 1958, and the second at St. Paul's Church in San Antonio, Texas, in 1959. As such they parallel our own Lutheran Liturgical Institute sponsored by Valparaiso University every summer. The difference is not in the quality of papers, for our own papers have been at least as competent theologically and in scholarship, as well as in plain helpfulness to the parish seeking to develop meaningful worship patterns among the royal priesthood of the laity. The difference is that Oxford University Press publishes the papers of the Episcopal liturgical conferences, while the Proceedings of the Lutheran Institute go unpublished for lack of funds. The other difference is the forthright manner in which the contributors are listed on the jackets of the Oxford books: Arthur Lichtenberger (Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America), Canon Theodore Wedel, Bishop Stephen Bayne (Executive Officer of the Anglican Communion), and Layman Frank Cellier, Producer of Informational Programs for Sears Roebuck and Co. Arthur Carl Piepkorn reports for the Protestant liturgical movement and Alexander Schmemann for the Orthodox.

The implications come home for Lutherans when we realize that their Lutheran counterparts would be Franklin Fry or Oliver Harms, the Executive Secretary of LWF or Walter Wolbrecht, Richard Caemmerer or H. Grady Davis, and any District or (LCA) Synod President as counterpart preacher to the Bishop of Indianapolis. In Arthur Piepkorn or Edgar Brown we already have our own counterparts to Massey Shepherd, foremost Episcopal liturgical scholar. It is not simply that Episcopalians are more liturgically oriented. If anything, we have to move only from the "Half-Mass" to the full Mass every Sunday as the main Service, while they have to switch from Morning Prayer (Lauds and Matins) to the full Eucharist. It is not that their bishops are really more enthusiastic about the liturgical movement. They are just as skittish as the Lutheran or Roman Bishops. As Massey Shepherd points out there were not many Roman Catholic Bishops like Cardinal Mercier of Belgium who favored the lay participation stressed by the liturgical movement. But under Cardinal Mercier both the "Dialogue Mass" and the Catholic Social Action groups could get their start — relating the liturgy to life, where it belongs. Pulpit thumping and exhortation could be cut in half if only the lay people could be led to realize, as layman Frank Cellier insists, that they are concelebrants of the Liturgy and be led to participate intelligently.

Our generation is concerned with renewal in the Church — the revitalization of corporate worship, the influence of the Church revived as an ameliorating factor in social change, the mission of the Church restored to the lay apostolate, the renewal of *koinonia* among Christians, and the reinstallation of the father (not the mother) as head priest of the household. This would all have seemed basic to Martin Luther. Yet today it is treated as a dangerous idea with "Romanizing tendencies." That the same emphases are regarded as "Lutheranizing tendencies" among the hierarchical Romans escapes the critics of liturgical renewal.

These two books, which really belong together, will very rapidly inform those who suspect that there is really something behind the incense, after all, and that it belongs to the *bene esse,* not merely to the *adiophora,* of the Church. In the first book Canon Wedel frankly tells of his own discovery of the theological depth of the Liturgy and its implications for life in Christ. Massey Shepherd draws a masterfully succint history of the liturgical movement, citing the influence of the revival of Benedictine Monasticism at Solesmes (St. Johns Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, is the U.S. center), the restoration of the Gregorian chant, the influence of Beuron, Maria Laach, and particularly the "Mystery Theology" developed by Dom Odo Casel, which Alexander Schmemann points out is simply a rediscovery of Eastern Orthodox understanding of the Eucharist. Arthur Piepkorn matches Shepherd in a masterful summarizing of the movement in various Protestant bodies, including a Lutheranism you never knew. Bishop Lichtenberger evaluates the social implications of the Liturgical renewal, but founders in an overenthusiastic vision of getting women in the chancel. John Patterson, Rector and Headmaster at Kent School, Connecticut, is impressed by the parish council idea (so well developed by Oscar Feucht in Missouri Synod), but makes it clear that it is the involving of all lay people in the work of the Church, and not just busy work, in which he is interested.

The second book deals with the relationship of the Holy Eucharist to Liturgical Renewal. Stephen Bayne's sermon, if read by Lutheran pastors, would quickly find its way into their own pulpits: "The Eucharist is not a Church service, it is a way of life . . . The Church is the eucharistic Body, and Christians are the eucharistic people, the people who take their lives, and break them, and give them, in daily fulfillment of what our Lord did and does." Lutherans especially will appreciate his strong identification of the Eucharist and Calvary. John Marshall Holt of the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest in Austin, Texas, deals with "The Eucharist and the Bible": "Our living of the Eucharistic life in awareness will enable us to perceive that the pattern of response to grace sketched out in definitive manner in Scripture becomes an actual fact in the altar-based, witness-bearing life of Eucharist, the life of cultic, theological, ethical thanks to the God who giveth us the victory in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Dora Chaplin, of General Theological Seminary, in dealing with "The Eucharist and Education," starts out with the assertion that "The learner's response to God's offering of Himself in the Eucharist is the end toward which all is taught in the life of the Church must be directed." We invite those responsible for training the teaching ministry of our Church and all who hold any position of teaching in the Church or aspire to it to study this chapter. We suspect that they will discover dimensions of which they had not been aware before. Nor is the pastor exempt from her word about final pastoral responsibility for educating catechumens for confirmed life as worshiping Christians. Wilford Cross of the University of the South examines "The Economic and Social Implications of the Eucharist." He begins by refusing to moralize the Eucharist. From then on you know that he is on the right track. But he hooks you on the *implications,* the consequences of gathering up all of life in Eucharist. From now on those who understand the relationship between Eucharist and life can no longer be merely Sunday Christians. They "gotta be" Monday Christians too. "The Eucharist is the intensification of the Christian life." But you look in vain for the Kantian "ought." Like Luther, Cross sees only the fruits of faith in that worship which is the total response of the Christian life.

Frank Cellier, with a surprising sophistication — a Greek quoting layman who should make every pastor's spine tingle (he

knows what we know — and then some) — spells out "The Liturgical Movement and the Ministry of the Laity." This alone ought to goad Lutheran laymen and students to get hold of the book, to discover their own roles in the Church. They are definitively not, says Frank Celllier, "Father's little helpers, cut-rate reverends." Frank Schmemann only makes our general ignorance of the whole Eastern understanding of the Eucharist more poignant. And such ignorance is inexcusable, where anyone is within driving distance of a major city and an Eastern Orthodox Church. For here you will see the full participation of the people in a Service which is both joyfully long and clear in action — in spite of the Greek, or Russian, or Syrian. The Ascension motif is pivotal.

Here within two short books, and in fairly accessible form, is therefore a glimpse of how the Church has centered its life in the Holy Eucharist throughout the centuries, and also today, in the major Communions of the world — all of the liturgical tradition. Far from an escape from life, eucharistic worship gathers up the whole creation in the bread, representing also mankind, our labors and industry, and as that which sustains us becoming part of us in joyful offering but also for that transformation which only God can make through the *epiklesis* of His Holy Spirit making Christ present to us and for us. Not only the bread on the altar, but also the worshiping congregation in the pews, is consecrated as the very Body of Christ. To go out at the dismissal into the world is to go with a mission and with power from on high as those who have tasted of the goodness of God. Above all it is to go joyfully and thankfully — that is, eucharistically. That this is what Sunday mornings and the Eucharist are about is surely among the best kept secrets in the Church. These two books help let the secret out. If laymen get hold of them, watch out in the parishes.

WAYNE SAFFEN

GENERAL

ELEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY

By Etienne Gilson (Doubleday, $6.95)

Published in 1959, this book purports to be a working introduction to the thought of St. Thomas Aquinas. Students of Thomas will do well to read it — at least Parts II and III — but they should not expect that difficulties native to Thomas's style of philosophy will be overcome, or even measurably blunted. Nevertheless — and this is important — the book is written by Etienne Gilson; when Gilson writes about Aquinas, we should jolly well hear him out.

The name "Christian Philosophy" was gratuitously affixed to the views of St. Thomas by Leo XIII. But not without reason. First, there is a great weight of philosophy in Aquinas's writings; second, his philosophy is dominated by Christian convictions. One of Gilson's two central theses is that Thomas borrows too heavily from Greek philosophy, preponderantly Aristotle, but often subjects his borrowings to unique Christian modifications. This thesis is old hat for the student of Aquinas.

Gilson's second thesis is not so well trodden. And that is that all of Aquinas's views build upon, or are at least animated by, his basic apprehension of God as HE WHO IS. Gilson argues that the gateway to the proper understanding of Thomistic philosophy is the notion of God conceived as the *actus essendi*, the act of being. Accordingly, Gilson devotes the bulk of his book to showing how Thomas' stand on this or that is a corollary of his doctrine of God. In, with, and under this argument there occur a good many spot essays — which are interesting in their own right — on such topics as the classical arguments for the existence of God, the problem of the Divine attributes ("simplicity," "unity," "goodness," "truth," etc.), Creation, the human soul, and the Thomistic notion of knowledge.

The book, then, is an extended exposition of the Thomistic doctrine of God. The ordinary reader, together with this reviewer, will have difficulty in assessing the correctness of the book's main contention. But he will be enlightened in two respects. Gilson is particularly helpful to the beginner in bringing some sense of unity to Thomas's enormously intricate and diverse arguments; he collates Thomas' different works by reference to central themes. Also, Gilson is exceptionally skilled in drawing lucid historical connections between the fundamentals of Thomistic thought and those of his philosophical and theological progenitors. Gilson is as much concerned to demonstrate Thomas' indebtednesses to his predecessors as he is to emphasizing the Angelic Doctor's peculiarity. Therein, I believe, lies one of the book's chief merits.

Professor Gilson has shown us once again that he is a conscientious student of St. Thomas. Those who seek to unpack the furniture of the thirteenth-century mind will find its general configurations and weight-bearing members more easily illuminated with Gilson's book(s) at hand than without.

KENNETH H. KLEIN

BEN JONSON'S POEMS: A STUDY OF THE PLAIN STYLE

By Wesley Trimpi (Stanford University Press, $6.50)

Because Mr. Trimpi's book is dedicated to J. V. Cunningham, and a debt to Yvor Winters is acknowledged, we know more or less what the book will say before we plunge into it. It will be a series of arguments and illustrations, well grounded in tradition, which support Professor Winters' theory that a poem should say something. Of course, the argument is not as simple as that, but it is a good argument. Since most modern poetry is written out of the influence of the British Romantics and French Symbolists of the nineteenth century, it becomes increasingly important to assert that a poem should have in it something more than the poet's private and often obscure feelings. Mr. Trimpi uses one-third of his book to document the history of the controversy over matter or content versus expression or ornament. Then he analyzes a number of Jonson's poems which illustrate various aspects of the plain style.

As Mr. Trimpi points out, "the dichotomy between expression and content is ancient" and perhaps most literary criticism in one way or another has tried to resolve it. To go way back, the forces line up something like this: the "Asiatic" style, Thucydides, Cicero, and then perhaps Sydney and Donne on the one side (rhetorical); the "Attic" style, Socrates, Seneca, Jonson on the other side (plain). It is somewhat a case of ornament, digression, and texture against matter and statement. The argument continues to rage in the mid-twentieth century, but when it comes down to seriously choosing sides the ornamentalists have the plainstylers outnumbered.

Mr. Trimpi's forces are essentially humanistic. They propose simply that the poet's proper concern is with men's relation to objective reality. The reality itself (such as the natural world) must first be described and perceived with utmost accuracy. Then a man (the poet or another) has an experience of this reality. The experience qualifies the reality in varying degrees, and it is this qualification which provides the substance of the poem. However, a further step is necessary, that of understanding the qualification in relation to the thing qualified. This sounds worse than it really is. It means that the good poem first establishes the natural-world context, then shows a man in relationship to it, and finally makes a statement about the context, the man, and the relationship.

In a very real sense this is the method of induction, of arriving at generalizations out of accumulated details. It implies a certain kind and amount of evidence — evidence to support the emotional experience which is the meeting of man and his world. And it leads to a conclusion. It takes a good poet to participate in this process; modern poetry (and much traditional poetry also) has come too often from mediocre poets who simply try to verbalize their emotions, too frequently failing to understand them.

Mr. Trimpi's analyses of individual Jonson poems are competent, although they are not very exciting. This fact may serve to

show why most people still prefer the excitement of rhetoric to the sense of the plain style. The ideal probably lies in a middle ground, as it usually does. However, the ornamentalists are plentiful. We should welcome this useful and capable presentation of the other method.

THE OLD WEST IN FICTION, and THE OLD WEST IN FACT

Edited by Irwin R. Blacker (Ivan Obolensky, Inc., each volume $7.50)

Until very recently the so-called "Old West" has been the province of specialists at the one extreme and television viewers at the other. Interpretations from both ends have been distorted, with the specialists trying hard to destroy the romantic image built and promoted by the scriptwriters. Now some of the materials are becoming available to the general intelligent reader who can form his own considered judgments.

The titles of the Blacker books are perhaps misleading. "Old West" is an ambiguous term, meaning to some the eastern frontier and to others the trans-Mississippi West (the latter being Blacker's intended meaning). It might be more accurate to identify the subject under consideration as the trans-Mississippi West of the nineteenth century, although an occasional qualification must be made with the date.

In any case, several categories may be defined: the era of the mountain man from 1800 to 1840, of settlers and Indians from 1840 to 1880, of miners from 1849 to 1880, and the gunmen and cattlemen from 1865 to 1890. These are not always precise dates, but they indicate the pattern of activity in the West, and they establish the organization of Blacker's two volumes. The one volume is a limited but well-chosen group of stories, including a full-length novel by Harvey Fergusson; the other volume supplies factual documents from the same periods.

As would be expected, the stories are written mostly by twentieth-century Westerners dealing with historical materials. Here we find familiar names: Stewart Edward White, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Alan LeMay, Dorothy Johnson, Walter Van Tilburg, Conrad Richter, Bret Harte, Jack London, Eugene Rhodes, Zane Grey, Ernest Haycox, L. H. Davis, and John Steinbeck. In addition, there is Easterner Stephen Crane and a television script of "Gunsmoke" by John Meston. To the purist, a few of these selections do not belong here; and yet the variety is more honest than a close and prejudicial choice. After all, the West was many things, and not all of them were good.

The factual documents also provide a good deal of variety, although half the selections are from standard sources. Chittendon, Gregg, and Parkman are represented in the section on mountain men and traders, with only the James Clyman piece being hard to get these days. Fanny Kelly's captivity is well-known, as is the story of the Donner Party, and yet a good anthology cannot ignore them. Mark Twain and Billy the Kid become not-so-strange bedfellows, and such experts as Dobie, Webb, and Siringo appear in the section on cattlemen.

These are competent anthologies. The West is not yet fully understood, and bringing its problems to the attention of mature readers who are not, however, specialists seems to me a necessary and overdue step. Blacker also contributes an informal but valuable bibliography of factual material, and he prefaces the fiction volume with one of the best introductions available anywhere. It is sketchy, as he admits, but it states the problems. For example, there is a relationship between the cowboy novel and the morality play of medieval England. Or, the Western hero is in the tradition of King Arthur's court and the legends of chivalry. These point to the use of myth, and eventually to the *making* of myth.

Fact or fiction, the materials of the American West must be taken seriously, even if we do not always agree with Frederick Jackson Turner, whose famous essay on the frontier is appended to one of these volumes. Fifteen dollars is not a bad price to pay for a small library of Western Americana.

THE UNINVITED ENVOY

By James Leasor (McGraw-Hill, $5.95)

With Hitler already well covered, biographers have turned to other members of the Nazi hierarchy as subjects for books. One of the strangest and perhaps the most complex character in this group was Rudolf Hess who, on the night of May 10, 1941, bailed out of his plane over Scotland and landed on enemy soil, presumably to talk peace terms with the British. Why did the number two Nazi make this fool's errand? Was he sincere? Did Hitler know of the flight? What affect did this action have on the Germans and on the Allies?

These questions were partially answered after World War II, and now the author has answered them as completely as history will ever be able to answer them unless Hess himself, now a quiet and lonely man in Spandau Prison, has more to say on the subject. In gathering his material Leasor interviewed all those who had any previous knowledge or who assisted in the flight from Germany, those in England who were in charge of Hess' imprisonment, plus members of the Hess family and many others. He also used the official War records and those from the Nurnberg trial.

Perhaps the most perplexing question has been the matter of Hess' sanity, since German propaganda immediately following the flight raised this issue and his defense lawyers at Nurnberg used insanity as a plea. Leasor believes Hess was and is sane and his evidence for this belief is convincing.

Hess is in enigmatic character and while Leasor has succeeded in explaining the motivation for the flight and the behavior of Hess in England, at his trial, and in his present imprisonment, he has not been able to clarify the personality of the man.

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A HARVARD MAN

By Richard Bissell (McGraw Hill, $5.00)

Whenever two college grads get together, talk inevitably turns to reminiscences of the good ol' college days — the food, the parties, the capers, and, occasionally, the education. In *You Can Always Tell A Harvard Man,* Richard Bissell invites the reader to listen to his chatty comments about Harvard and the Ivy League, beginning with a history of that noble institution.

Any successful description of an institution of higher learning necessitates a mention of the campus newspaper. The undergraduate is usually dissatisfied with the campus scandal sheet and Bissell displays his humor-padded contempt for the "profiteering" *Crimson* in tongue-in-cheek anguish. He also enjoys describing the food. He names many places to eat and states that each is suited for a different occasion, but the most popular is the college dining hall — it's closest to campus. Throughout the rest of the book, Bissell deals with notables and the barely noticed, dissensions and discoveries, handling these subjects as if he were a student presently involved with them, and the reader finishes the book with a unique view of Harvard, as seen from the side-street, the transom window, and the alley door.

RALPH E. LONG

FICTION

LORD OF THE FLIES

By William Golding (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.25)

This novel was not published recently (1955), but it is likely the most recent and commonly read one among a great many college students. Few who would love, understand, teach and minister to them should go into the campus coffee shop, lecture hall, or pulpit without reading it *with* them. For some students, our lingering any longer over *The Catcher in the Rye* wrongly accuses them of arrested adolescence.

Lord of the Flies is a novel about adoles-

cents for the mature. On an uncharted and uninhabited island in the south seas, the author airshipwrecks some English schoolboys, using their youth and innocence in this primitive setting to explore the origins of civilization in man. The descent into the aboriginal is rapid. Like Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* each movement toward the primitive occurs in space and time and the soul. The inexperienced adolescents are always the first men, Adams. Their present is always the recurrence of the primeval. Stocking, and sometimes stacking, his island laboratory with retroactive and reacting materials of Everyman coming to grips with evil — totems, tabus, mythological monsters and creation stories, gory appeasements, grisly rituals, human sacrifices, sexual assaults in taking game, man hunts, baffled common sense, and much, much more horror for the next reader to find out for himself — the author puts his adolescent Adams through their identity crises and splits their very souls. The irreduceable identity of man is his darkness of heart, the bestial, the libidinous, the chaotic, the demonic. In short, he is the keeper of the flies, *Ba'alzevuv.*

Superficially, one might say that this novel dramatizes Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents* with the images and symbols from Frazer's *The Golden Bough.* Indeed, all the modern voices are heard in it, and one could footnote references from existentialism to *Religionsgeschichte,* I suppose, if he were so inclined. That man is his own devil and accuser is no new insight to this generation. Few of the college students expected the island to be Utopia and the savages to be noble. When the boys "go primitive," they go to the hell we have known.

What is of interest, however, is one or two hints that paradise might be more primitive. One is in the mystic seizure of Simon before a pig's head on a stick, the islander's icon for the Lord of the Flies, in which he learns that *freedom* is found, however beleaguered its health, in the full knowledge of *both* good and evil. He alone ascends the mountain and "beards the beast" (I shall not spoil the novel for the next reader by divulging the "beast" in this review); but in rushing to tell the others the good news, he enters the ritual re-enactment of the slaughter of the pig and is sacrificed. Part of his fortune is that of the Christ and part is that of the first philosopher returning to Plato's cave. The second hint is in the tears of Ralph at the end of the novel. In the arms of a naval officer come ashore at the last minute to rescue him as the prey of a man hunt, Ralph weeps "for the end of innocence, the darkness of man's heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy," a sedentary, asthmatic, myopic, and corpulent incarnation of British empiricism, who was also slain. Ralph weeps. He has experienced great evil against some lost good, but his last spasm implies that the good is not even now utterly lost, for he weeps. Ralph endures much and the author rejects much — Utopian humanism, social Darwinism and fascism, the scientific method's tyranny over every truth, even existentialism in its hope for the creation of the good *ex nihilo.* Weakly but latently present beyond the Lord of the Flies in this novel is either the *imago Dei* or the dignity of man greater than the fates, either the Christian or the Greek hope.

One hopes that the Greeks and Christians of the university will become acquainted with Simon and Ralph and Piggy. They are not without our own selves, and they are likely before us in the campus coffee shop, class room, and chapel.

Lord of the Flies is Golding's first, and still best, novel. It was followed by *The Inheritors* (1955), *Pincher Martin* (1956), and most recently (1959) *Free Fall* published by Harcourt, Brace and World. All are just beginning to receive the critical attention they strangely missed when they entered this country from Britain. The loss of innocence and the price of freedom is again the theme of *Free Fall,* this time by passing through the thoughts on his life and his lost freedom by a POW in solitary confinement. This novel is only slightly less symbolic than the first, and in it Golding opposes the influences of rationality and religion on a man and moves unsentimentally, and therefore inconclusively, to a draw.

RICHARD W. LEE

ME FOR POSTERITY

By Stanley Price (Vanguard, $3.50)

This fictional autobiography is a satire on the New Wave in England, that group of writers with limited talent who have risen to popular acclaim through pornographic books which masquerade under the broad term of Art.

The autobiographical subject is James Breedin, an author who has risen to sudden fame through a book which contained a lurid and untruthful autobiographical strain. The book was converted into a play, and the play into a motion picture. His only other literary effort has been a confused and confusing TV script.

The story of his life has been serialized in one of the newspapers, so all of his readers know of his illegitimate birth, the squalor of his early life, and the many exotic jobs he has held since. His fans admire the odd clothes he wears and the highly publicized "death wish" which he professes.

Now Breedin has shut himself up in his apartment for two weeks in order to grow a beard. To pass the time he is writing his true autobiography, but not for publication. James Breedin's real name is George Plumb and he was born of respectable middle-class parents in a good suburb. The only job he has held, prior to starting his writing career, is that of a bank clerk. But George and his agent knew what the public wanted, and that is exactly what they gave them.

This clever spoof on authors, critics, and the people who follow literary fads was written without malice by Stanley Price, an Englishman, but a former reporter for *Life* in New York, who evidently feels that laughter will bring the public to its senses more quickly than anger.

THE STREET WHERE THE HEART LIES

By Ludwig Bemelmans (World, $3.95)

Bemelmans' last novel, published posthumously, is typical of the author. Set in Paris on a street near the Notre Dame Cathedral, it is billed as the love story of Gala, the star performer in a night club, and Jeb Clayborn, a professor who is the heir to a large fortune. But it is primarily the story of a neighborhood, and the love story is a device to introduce the residents of a community which is highly Parisian and where life is hectic.

One of Bemelmans' strengths as a novelist has been his ability to create outrageous characters and make them believable. Among those in this satire are Miomo Corti, Gala's husband in name and the proprietor of the night club, King Dagobert, a philosopher who lives under the bridge, Monsieur Finsterwald, a refugee who is now a taxidermist, Dr. Ueberlinger, a mystical masseur, and a host of others not the least of whom is a Mother Superior who rides a motor scooter.

The author's comic situations and amusing characters, do not, however, conceal the satire which makes this a delightful and entertaining novel.

THE MISSILE LORDS

By Jefferson Sutton (Putnam, $5.95)

This story is set in the Southern California plant of one of the huge corporations manufacturing missiles, and it is written by a man who has had experience, as a research engineer and public relations man, for just such a company. The story and the stereotype characters are familiar since they differ little from those in other novels on big business. In this one, the director of public relations and advertising resigns just a few weeks before their missile is to be tested. Four candidates from the PR department start angling for the top job. The choice of which man gets the job is a difficult one for all four characters are cut from cardboard.

A Minority Report

What are Fathers For?

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

FATHERS? What are fathers for?

Fathers across the land are wondering, for they sometimes fear they are losing their hold at home and abroad.

It does seem that the image of patriarchal authority in the home is wearing thin at the edges.

So much so the fathers are often cynical about it.

Sometimes fathers joke about these matters. They will tell you that the difference between marriage and a jail is this: the jail has windows and you have half a chance of getting out. Or they will quote Bob Hope's famous quip: if you have a choice between the army and marriage, take the former; in the army, you are given a gun and there is some protection in that. I have also heard marriage described as a grave with the ends kicked out.

Husbands and fathers, it is alleged, do not know how to act at home. They often insist that they dare not tell the truth. Others claim that, if they do tell the truth, they will be forced to lie out of it.

But, at least this much fathers and husbands will admit: they find it hard to live with women but it is also hard to live without them.

What is it that keeps "bugging" fathers and husbands? There are some possible answers.

One: they are losing their position as the focus of authority in the home. This development has taken a number of turns. The wife, like women generally in the United States, is playing an expanding role. She no longer stays at home for she is no longer satisfied with being merely an incubator and a glorified, legalized, non-salaried housekeeper. She just keeps on extending her role as a career woman and she makes money at it. Therefore, her salary check gives her some claims and priorities on home authority.

But – even if wives do not work, they become interested in other matters. They run meetings; they paint and draw; they write music; they run PTA meetings; they often become a living army in political work or in the League of Women Voters.

Two: the modern family is now child-oriented and this also detracts, it is said, from the role of patriarchal authority. Everything in 1963 seems to be done with the child in mind: science fairs, Little League baseball, biddy basket-ball, PTA, hi-fi music and record clubs, commercials on TV and the radio. Once it was said: Bring up a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Now children are bringing up father to rectify all the mistakes his parents made with him. More than that, we fully expect children one of these fine days to tell God how to run their universe.

Three: the contemporary child or youngster finds it hard to understand his father. Some youngsters feel that the father belongs to the Old Testament. He is just another Moses throwing funny tablets at the dance. Others would like to have him be some sophisticated Santa Claus and cannot understand why he always keeps an eye on the cash register. Why does a father "buck up" when he is asked to buy a car for the kids, to provide fees for fraternity living, and guarantee a free ride to a degree?

And why does a father insist that his kids get a college education so they need not work as he does? Why must a father pursue his dreams in his youngsters and willy-nilly pay for those dreams?

Nevertheless, we will have to admit that male and female, and families, are here to stay. Husbands and fathers might as well become accustomed to the inevitable. Your boys and girls at our colleges are for better or worse following the examples of their fathers and mothers, holding hands and making eyes at one another, saying sweet nothings in one another's ears, and in general acting like calves gone wrong. And, of course, they are at the same time pursuing all the troubles that come when two people decide to live together. Yes, I do believe in doing what comes naturally.

For some reason, I feel constrained to cite the following: "Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered. And be not bitter against them." And this as well: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord. Even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord; whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

To do all these things is tough at any time. It is particularly tough in 1963. Yet we do not throw overboard significant precepts without some very serious consideration.

A Magnificent Pictorial Spectacle

By ANNE HANSEN

I have vivid recollections of the controversy which raged over the character and the career of Thomas Edward Lawrence during his lifetime. Few men in recent history inspired greater adulation than that which was heaped upon him by admirers who believed him to be a self-effacing idealist. Nor were many men subjected to more venomous criticism than that which was expressed by those who saw him only as a poseur and a self-seeking opportunist.

It was Lowell Thomas who first focused the spotlight of public attention on Lawrence in news dispatches from Arabia during World War I. In his book titled *Lawrence of Arabia* Mr. Thomas depicts him as a sensitive, appealing human being wholly dedicated to the cause of freedom and unity for the Arab tribes. (If this was Lawrence's dream, it was one which was shattered in the postwar game of power politics.) On the other hand, Richard Aldington found little to admire either in the person or in the exploits of the man whom the Arabs adopted as their own and affectionately called El Aurens. Other writers are equally divided in their judgment of a colorful but always controversial personality.

Probably the most revealing clues to the character of Lawrence are to be found in his own book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* a fascinating work which is generally regarded as a literary masterpiece.

For a time after the end of World War I, Lawrence served his government as consultant on Arab affairs. Bitterly disillusioned by the postwar intrigue among the great powers, he resigned his post. Later, although he had held the rank of a commissioned officer, he enlisted in the British army as a private. During this period he was known as Private Shaw.

Shaw, by the way, was only one of several aliases used by Lawrence in a vain attempt to achieve anonymity. We know that the late George Bernard Shaw admired and befriended Private Shaw. Stanley Weintraub explores this friendship in his new book, *Private Shaw & Public Shaw.* The famous desert fighter was fatally injured in May, 1937, when he swerved his speeding motorcycle to avoid hitting two young bicyclists who suddenly came into view at a bend in a quiet English lane.

Although the man died, the legend and the enigma live on. It seems to me that *Lawrence of Arabia* (Columbia and Sam Spiegel, David Lean) will do very little to shed new light on a complex and contradictory character. Although Peter O'Toole, a young Irish actor who has been more at home on the Shakespearean stage than on the screen, bears little physical resemblance to the real Lawrence, who was short and slight, he does imbue his characterization with vitality, warmth, and a compelling magnetism. But as Lawrence is portrayed in the film, this is the pathetic and often repellent story of a man whose vision is dimmed and whose dedication is destroyed as he succumbs to those twin forces of corruption — power and glory. Was this the real Lawrence? Who can say? Alex Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, Jose Ferrer, Anthony Quayle, Claude Rains, Arthur Kennedy, and Omar Shariff are the principals in an exceptionally fine cast.

Photographed in Super Panavision 70 and technicolor, *Lawrence of Arabia* is a magnificent pictorial spectacle. The awesome beauty of the desert, the majesty of a bloodred sun rising slowly over vast, barren stretches of sand, and the never-ending battle of man and beast against the implacable elements have been caught with breathtaking realism. The action scenes are superb, the musical score is outstanding, and David Lean's direction is brilliant. *Lawrence of Arabia* fully merits the seven Oscars it received from The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences on April 8. The film seems to me to be unecessarily long.

To Kill a Mockingbird (Universal-International, Robert Mulligan) is in sharp contrast with the sweeping dramatic panorama of *Lawrence of Arabia.* Here, on a small screen and in black-and-white photography, a small cast plays out a deeply moving drama set in a sleepy little Southern town. Yet what we see here is as much a part of our troubled age as are the ideological clashes going on all over the world. For here we see one aspect of a crucial conflict within one nation. Harper Lee's Pulitzer-Prize-winning novel presents a perceptive and compassionate study of racial prejudice and social injustice. For all its simplicity and tenderness, the book makes its point with telling force. It underscores the danger and the stupidity of racial prejudice — and the terrible cost which this prejudice inevitably exacts in human suffering and human dignity. Although the film does not fully achieve either the power or the impact of the book, it is worth seeing. Gregory Peck's sensitive and restrained portrayal of Atticus Finch won for him the Oscar awarded for the best performance given by an actor during 1962. John Megna, Mary Badham, and Phillip Alford are completely captivating as the children about whom the story revolves.

Days of Wine and Roses (Warners, Blake Edwards) presents a chilling and pathetic account of the manner in which alcoholism destroys a family. Jack Lemmon portrays the young husband with artistry of the highest order, and Lee Remick is outstanding as the wife.

The Pilgrim

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

No More Sea

THERE were five days last winter which I shall long remember . . . A sympathetic hotel clerk in Atlantic City — observing my beauty-starved Midwestern look — gave me a room high above the January sea . . . For five days, at dawn and dusk I was able to observe its moods, ever changing and yet strangely the same . . . grey, sullen, menacing . . . the winter sea which not even the Vikings loved . . . to be sure at dawn the sun would come riding over from Europe but the great waters never lost their air of mystery and threat . . . Death seemed to be in them — except at dawn each morning when seven gulls — no more or no less — took their appointed stations at the edge of the spent waves and bowed reverently toward the rising sun . . . They seemed to be a small part of a much greater ritual of life accepting in a gesture of sacrifice the daily new vision of overriding Death . . .

But at dusk the gulls were different . . . In a wheeling, screaming wail they mourned over the leaving of the sun, looked for one more scrap of food and watched fearfully for the first coming of the night . . . At dawn they had waited patiently: at dusk they were protesting violently against the relentless turning of their world and the sudden danger of the night and the blackening sea . . . It almost seemed to be a daily re-enactment of Tschaikowsky's Sixth . . . the strange, tortured peace for which the whole creation waits all the days of its years . . .

One night there was a hard wind from the East and the waves came closer than ever before . . . As I looked at the grey and white disorder beneath my window I suddenly remembered what St. John had written in his vision of the new heaven and the new earth: "And there was no more sea" . . . For the first time the full meaning of the words struck into my mind and heart. . ."The first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." . . . And I, John, saw the holy city . . . I heard a great voice out of heaven . . . and He that sat upon the throne said, 'Behold I make all things new' . . . it is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." . . . How strange, I thought, that this greatest of all the visions of man, illumined only by the flickering light of a lonely man's spirit, but reaching beyond the red stars and the white stars should begin with the words: "And there was no more sea." . . . This seething grey and cold mass beneath my window is chosen from all created things to be the first to pass away . . . The mountains may breathe immortality but not the sea . . . His way may be in the sea and His path in the great waters, as the Psalmist says, but not forever . . .

And so the old man, in exile on an island in the Aegean Sea, lonely and sick for home, saw a time and a place where there would be no more sea . . . The sea around his island was his prison; it was the sea that kept him from home . . . The great waters separated him from all that he loved, cutting him off and keeping him apart . . . Wherever he looked there was nothing but the separating and impassable sea . . . To bring him to peace and no more loneliness in the new heaven and the new earth, the sea — the great waters of hate and fear, destruction and death — would have to disappear . . . This was his hope and his faith — there would be a land, soon and near, where there would be no more thunder at his feet and no more dark waters before his eyes — but only order and beauty and love created and held by the deep waters of a Cross . . . And this would make it possible for him to pass one day from weariness and sickness and pain into the unveiled and immediate presence of the King Who — also Lord of the passing sea — would receive him forever . . .

All this I like to remember as another birthday comes, and I too am so much nearer to the day when there shall be no more sea . . . He Who is King of the great waters is also Lord of the still waters . . . the quietness of evening and morning . . . the joy of joining my seven gulls in their ritual of hope . . . so that I may know the peace of looking over the sea to Him Whose Name and Kingdom and Will are the changeless things beyond the changes and chances of this fleeting world.